

The short but not so short adventures of Quill Mooncloud

By

Nalroni Mooncloud aided by George

Traveling the country looking for work is not something most middle class people do with their life but when you're born different you have a different life. Quill Mooncloud is one such individual.

Quill grew up on an Indian reservation in Arizona his mother was Raven Mooncloud a crafty old woman the craftiest Quill ever knew. During a festival and dance honoring the trickster Quill discovered why he was different than everyone else. He'd always been able to talk his way out of any type of trouble. Including the kind that he got himself into, and now he knows why.

During the festival Quill felt himself getting dizzy from the music and the drink...which he'd had a little too much of. He felt like he was falling and then hurting like he'd fallen off a cliff and somehow survived. The pain instantly cleared his drunken haze and when he looked around to see what he had stumbled and fell over he saw nothing except a real cliff... of which there were none on the reservation. This brief puzzlement was only compounded when he turned and was facing a life size and very real roadrunner cartoon standing in front of him. **beep beep** was it's only reply as the cartoon turned and speed off with the similarly cartoonish cloud of smoke behind it. That's when Quill heard the voice that he would come to love and dread in equal amounts.

"For some reason I really like this place."

Quill turned again to see who was speaking to him. And was amazed to see a coyote sitting there smiling ... no cartoon this time it was a real coyote.

"I've had my eye on you for some time Quill. Welcome to your destiny and the Spirit world...a television section of it to be precise."

"Are you the real Trickster?"

"And who else would I be?" A knowing look crosses Quill's face causing a look of realization to cross the coyotes face. "Wait don't answer that."

"But if you're the real trickster...what do you want with me?"

"Easy...I've got a job for ya."

"Uh... What kind of job?"

"See that's why I like you kid...always asking questions, and rarely answering any."

Quill sits down on a rock knowing that this is going to take a while.

"And see you've got smarts too...you see things like that before you even know the whole story. You already knew it was going to take time when dealing with me so you sat down...any of this sinking in yet kid?"

Quill was only getting more confused by the minute and regretting more and more the decision to drink so much for this had to be a dream.

"Yeah I had too much to drink and now I'm dreaming that I'm talking to you."

"Well you're half right...you're definitely drunk as a skunk, but you aint dreaming this." The Coyote goes over and takes a seat next to Quill

“And well my boy you sure are in for one heck of a night and a great hang over tomorrow.”

The dream just got stranger from here on out. Quill was shown that he was a Nuwisha a creature more commonly called a were-coyote. His job is to teach others through trickery and with out the student knowing that he or she are even being taught anything. Also to always Prank “lethally trick” those who are of the Wyrn. He was shown how to use his gifts of the trickster to aid him in his cause...this is when he truly earned the name Quill...such as his gift of the porcupine which turned all his were-coyote fur in to the quills of a porcupine.

“You’ll understand more when you awake some place other than where you were.”

What Quill did not see or remember was what the Trickster was doing while he was explaining life to him. Was the fact that the trickster was doing certain rituals upon and around Quill. Specifically ones to bind his clothes and Quills two family heirloom twin silver bowie knives to Quill so that when he changed forms he would not loose his clothes...and unbeknownst to Quill so he would thoroughly convince those where he would be that he was older than he appeared to be.

Then Quill awoke on a park bench in central park New York. “Umm...yeah...like I like this weather? Where am I supposed to get a ride around here...and where’s here in the first place?” Quill looks up and sees the skyline of New York and recognizes the world trade centers. “New York!?! Great the worst place for a west coaster to possibly end up and not have a dime in his pockets. Guess in need to get a job today.”

A horse and buggy trots past Quill at that moment.

“Hey mister. Is your company hiring?” At the scent of Quills true nature the horse’s buck and kick the buggy. The driver of which gets thrown to the ground at Quills feet. The horses bolt...Quill realizes the serious trouble he might be in so he bolts to catch the horses. A running jump and he’s in the buggy being tosses around like a loose piece of luggage as the horses decide now is a good time to run faster and to turn. Quill struggles to his feet and notices that the reigns are about to slip over the edge of the buggy. Leaping form the back of the buggy to the front arms out stretched he catches the reigns by the tips of his fingers. He pulls back on the reigns as hard as he can as he stands up and yells “WHOH!! I SAY WHOH!”

The horses stop almost in their tracks and start to drink from the pond they were about to run into. Quill sits in the drivers seat with a sigh of relief.

“If all you wanted was a drink why didn’t you just say so...you two are worse then my horse in Arizona...poor Turtle wont know what to do with out me. Hope the chief takes care of him for me.” With that Quill turns the buggy around, and starts heading back to where he left the driver. Just then a swirling blue portal opens up on the path in front of him, and a man steps out. The man looks to be a large Cajun dressed in a long black trench coat. Quill blinks...and thinks to himself. *The trickster*

has been busy today...this has got to be someone that I'm supposed to meet. A quick flash of mischievousness flashes in Quill's eyes.

"Can I give you a lift mister?"

Byron Bureau looks over at Quill and the buggy he's in simultaneously sensing that Quill's a fellow were-creature of some sort. "Sure. Can you haul supplies in that thing too?"

"Sure can where do you need to go?"

Byron hops in "I'll tell you where to turn. Lets go."

After a shopping trip through the city and purchasing an ungodly amount of weapons, ammunition, and a case of Reese's peanut butter cups. They returned to central park.

"Where to now?"

Byron waves his hands and says a few sacred words, or at least that all the Quill can see him doing, and another one of those blue vortex things appears.

"Through that."

"You got it hop on."

"Hold on one minute I got to get something from the zoo first"

Quill waited and wondered what Byron could possibly want from the zoo ... and was he ever surprised when he came back with two cows and tied them to the back of the buggy.

"Cows? I won't even ask."

Byron laughs and hops in "There for a friend of mine named Orkin. Lets go."

With that they rode the buggy through the glowing blue portal which Byron explained on the way was called a moon bridge. A magical bridge through the spirit world where every step you took was equal to 1000 steps on the real world.

"Cool. So where we headed?"

"The Amazon."

"Well at least it's warmer there."

Byron laughs. "Yup...definitely a man after my own heart."

When they emerged through the opposite end of the moon bridge. Quill looked around and had to admit at least they had taste in their campsites. He looked over the cliff face of the mountain that they were now on top of and noticed the encampment below.

"So why are we here and what's up with the lady who's stealing the entire case of Reese's cups?"

"Well where here to protect this place from those people down there who want to destroy it. And don't mind her she's just gone without here Reese's cups for too long."

Byron walks into a hut that's at the campsite while laughing.

"I take it you're a city person?" while looking at the woman who's prying open the box of Reese's with her fingernails.

She blinks up and looks at him...as if seeing him for the very first time. "Yes. Name's Wynter and you are?"

"Name's Quill. I'm not a city person."

"I could have guessed that by the boots." Wynter gestures toward Quill's boots as she's trying to open a particularly well sealed package of Reese's.

Quill looks down at his boots two old dust covered cowboy boots still bearing trial dust from Arizona.

“Yeah I guess you could.” Quill chuckles. “Need a ha...guess not.” Seeing that Wynter was already devouring a package of Reese’s. Wynter walked over to the camp-fire with the crate of Reese’s and sat down enjoying the long gone without treats. Quill took this opportunity to look over the rest of the group that surrounded the wagon and started unloading it. A large at least seven and a half foot tall man to Quill’s guessing...and mine and George says at least eight feet...*Thwap*...right back to Quill’s story not my meandering.... umm...right where was I? Oh ...approaches Quill and says “My names Max McKay. And you are?” Quill seeing leadership written all over this man replies. “Name’s Dusty ‘Quill’ Robinson. Nice to meet you McKay.” Something about the look in Quill’s eyes and the swiftness of his response made McKay raise an eyebrow as he shook Quill’s hand.

“You’ve met Byron and Wynter already. The little lady there is Flower, the one dealing with the cattle is Orkin, and the tall asian one is Delta. So who sent you as our backup?”

Quill was looking to each individual as McKay described him or her and trying to remember names and faces. “Um...that’s a good question. I can’t say I rightly know. I was driving my cart through central park and poof your friend shows up out of the blue quite literally so here I am.”

McKay shakes his head. “Just go where things take you huh.”

“Yup. It’s always worked before why shouldn’t it now?”

McKay starts walking back to the hut as he’s laughing “Glad it works that way for someone. Welcome to the Fury Quill”

Quill mumbles to himself “The Fury?” *didn’t the medicine man talk about them? That medicine man was wacked so far out it’s not funny...wait didn’t he set up that party I was at...oh why do I feel that I’ve been set up?*

A bouncing seat pulled Quill out of his thoughts. As he turns and sees Flower sitting next to him holding out her hand “Hi! I’mFlownicetomeetyou.”

...George we forgot the spaces....what do you mean we wanted to...oh fast talking right...ok...what about backspacing that?...your getting me confused George where were we again...oh intros right.

“Hi. Names Quill sorry bout not catching that comment you just whipped out faster than a rattle snakes tail twitch, but what did you just say?”

“I said I’m flower nice to meet you.”

“Oh. Nice to meet you too Flower. Auctioneer in training are we?”

“No just habit to talk at that speed.”

Quill shakes his head while thinking what have I got myself into this time.

Flower catching the head shake “You ok cowboy?”

Quill with a sudden hand gesture as if chasing off a mosquito from his ear. “Fine just bugs.”

Flower snickers “don’t worry Orkin over there is better than a can of raid for dealing with those.”

Quill chuckles. “I gathered that from the name.”